

RETALIATION:

A

P O E M.

By DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

I N C L U D I N G

E P I T A P H S

O N T H E M O S T

Distinguished WITS of this METROPOLIS.

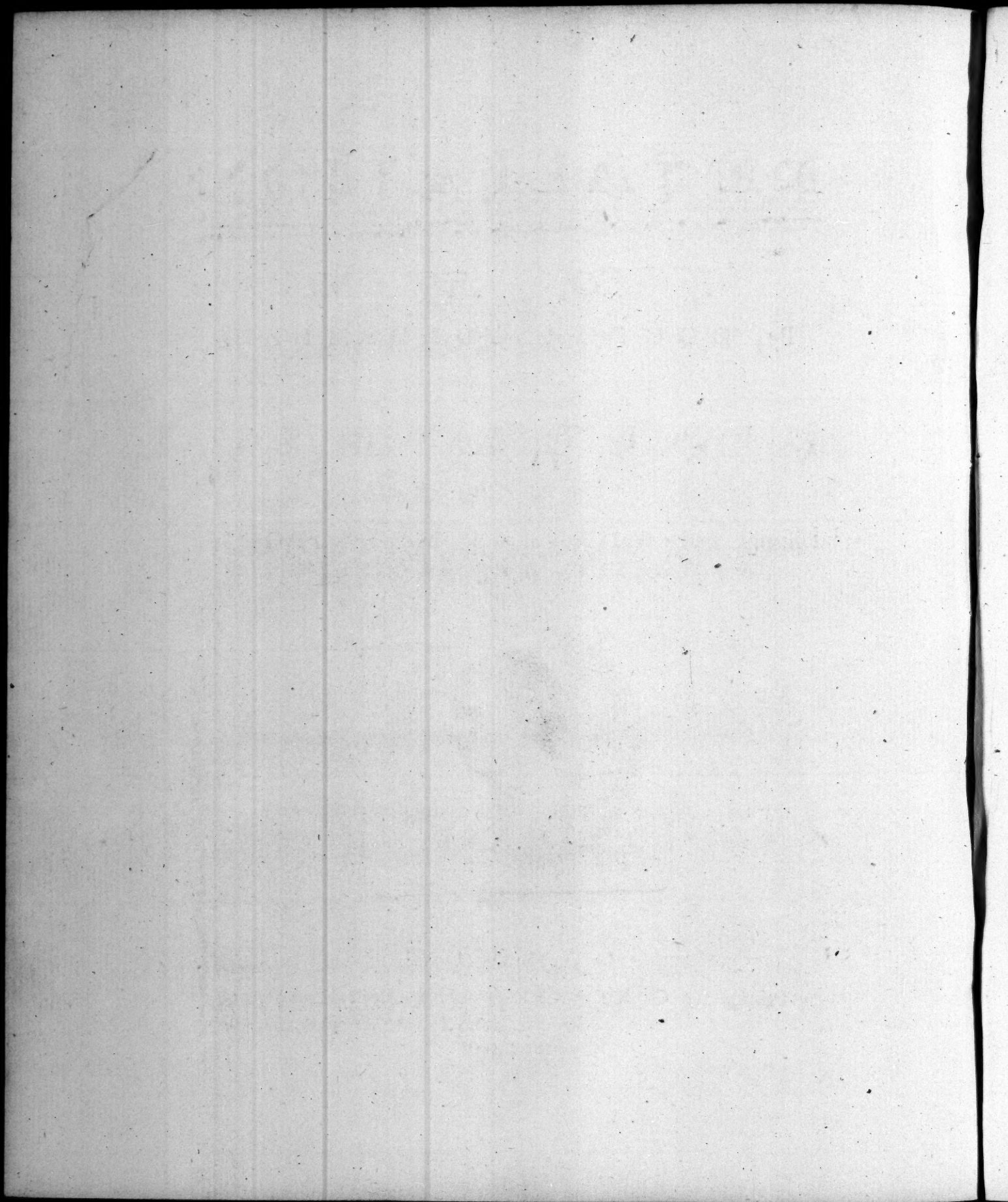


L O N D O N :

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April 19th



T O

M^R. K E A R S L Y,

BOOKSELLER, in FLEET-STREET.

S I R,

I *Am unable to account for the Mystery with which the
POEM I send you has been handed about.——In some part
of Doctor GOLDSMITH's Works, he confesses himself so unable
to resist the hungry Attacks of wretched Compilers, that*

B

he

he contents himself with the Demand of the fat Man, who, when at Sea, and the Crew in great Want of Provisions, was pitched on by the Sailors as the properest Subject to supply their Wants: He found the Necessity of Acquiescence, at the same Time making the most reasonable Demand of the first Cut off himself for himself. When the Doctor in his Life-time was forced by these Anthropophagi to such Capitulations, what Respect can we now expect from them? will they not dine on his memory? To rescue him from this Insult, I send you an authentic Copy of the last poetic Production of this Great and Good Man; of which, I recommend an early Publication, to prevent spurious Editions being ushered into the World. — Dr. Goldsmith belonged to a Club of Beaux Esprits, where Wit

sparkled

sparkled sometimes at the Expence of Good-nature.—

It was proposed to write Epitaphs on the Doctor; his Country, Dialect and Person, furnished Subjects of Wit-ticism. — The Doctor was called on for Retaliation, and at their next Meeting produced the following Poem, which I think adds one Leaf to his immortal Wreath.

RETA-

Respectfully submitted to the Honorable

the undersigned to write the Honorable

Courtesy, Honorable and Respectful

request—The Doctor was called on for

and at that time having received the following

and I think also as I have been informed

and of the same kind as to the same

and the same kind as to the same

and the same kind as to the same

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RETALIATION:

A
P O E M.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united ;

If our landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish :

C

Our

Dr. Baughan
Dean of
Derry. Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;

Edmund Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains ;

William
Burke Our Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,

Richard
Burke And Dick with his pepper, shall heighten their favour :

Our Cumberland's sweet-bread, its place shall obtain,

Dr. Douglas And Douglass's pudding, substantial and plain :

Our Garrick's a fallad, for in him we see

Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :

To make out the dinner, full certain I am,

That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb ;

That Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,

Magnanimous Goldsmith, a gooseberry fool :

At a dinner so various, at such a repast,

Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last :

Here,

Here, waiter, more wine, let me fit while I'm able,
 'Till all my companions sink under the table ;
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth :
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out ;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,
 That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;
 Who, born for the Universe, narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up, what was meant for mankind.

Tho'

Tho' fraught with all learning, kept straining his throat,
 To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote ;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining ;
 Tho' equal to all things, for all things ~~he~~^{was} fit,
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge, disobedient,
 And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in play, Sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't ;
 The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;

Still

Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
 The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home;
 Would you ask for his merits, alas! he had none,
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at,
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!

What spirits were his, what wit and what whim,
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb;
 Now rangling and grumbling to keep up the ball,
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all?

In short so provoking a Devil was Dick,
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick.
 But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies having acted his parts,
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
 A flattering painter, who made it his care
 To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
 And comedy wonders at being so fine ;
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
 His fools have their follies so left in a croud
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
 And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
 Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault ?

Say

Say was it that vainly directing his view,
To find out mens virtues and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last and drew from himself ?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines,
Where Satire and Censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture ;
Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style,
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile ;

New

New Landers and Bowers the Tweed shall crois over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover;
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
 An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
 As an actor, confest without rival to shine,
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line,
 Yet with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art;
 Like an ill judge in beauty, his colours he spread,
 And beplaster'd, with rouge, his own natural red.
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting:

With

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day ;
 Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick,
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack ;
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
 Of praise, a mere glutton, he swallowed what came,
 And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
 'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
 Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
 Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave ?

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,
 While he was berossia'd, and you were beprais'd ?
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :
 Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.
 Old Shakespeare, receive him, with praise and with love,
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.
 Here Hickey reclines a most blunt, pleasant creature,
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature :
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper :
 Perhaps you may ask if that man was a miser ?
 I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser ;

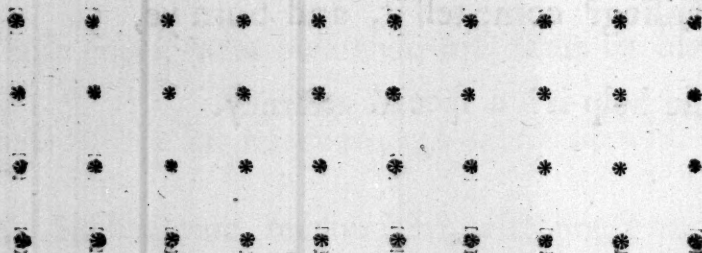
Too

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat ;
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest ; ah, no.
 Then what was ^{his} failing? come tell it, and burn ye,
 He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind, *fr Joshua Reynolds*
 He has not left a better or wiser behind ;
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand,
 His manners were gentle, complying and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :

To

To coxcombs averſe, yet moſt civilly ſtaring,
 When they judged without ſkill he was ſtill hard of hearing:
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios and ſtuff,
 He ſhifted his trumpet, and only took ſnuff.



T H E E N D.

EXPLANATORY NOTES and OBSERVATIONS

O N

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH'S POEM,

ENTITLED

R E T A L I A T I O N.

"**I**F our *landlord* supplies us with beef and with fish,"
page 1, line 3] The master of the St. James's coffee-house, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterised in this Poem, held an occasional club.

"That Ridge is anchovy," page 6, line 10] Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar, the *relish* of whose agreeable and pointed conversation, is admitted by all his acquaintance, to be very properly compared to the above sauce.

F

"Here

" Here lies the good *Dean*," page 7, line 5] Dr. Bernard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland, author of many ingenious pieces, particularly a reply to Macpherson's *Antiquities of Great Britain and Ireland*.

" Here lies our good *Edmund*," page 7, line 11] Mr. Edmund Burke.

" To persuade *Tommy Townshend* to lend him a vote," page 8, line 2] Mr. T. Townshend Junior, Member for *Whitchurch, Hampshire*.

" Here lies honest *William*," page 8, line 11] Mr. William Burke, late Secretary to General Conway, and Member for *Bedwin, Wiltshire*.

" Here lies honest *Richard*," page 9, line 5] Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of *Granada*, no less remarkable in the walks of wit and humour, than his brother Mr. Edmund Burke is justly distinguished in all the branches of useful and polite literature.

" Now *breaking a jest*, and now *breaking a limb*," page 9, line 8] the above Gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of *retributive* justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

" Here *Cumberland* lies," page 10, line 1] Doctor Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*, *Fashionable Lover*, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

" Here

“ Here *Douglas* retires from his toils to relax,
 “ The scourge of *Impostors*, the terror of *Quacks*,” —page 11,
 lines 5 and 6] Doctor Douglas, an ingenious Scotch
 gentleman, who has no less distinguished himself as a *Citizen*
of the World, than a *sound Critic*, in detecting several lite-
 rary mistakes (or rather *forgeries*) of his countrymen ; par-
 ticularly Lauder on Milton, and *Bowyer's History of the*
Popes.

“ *Macpherson* writes bombast, and calls it a style, p. 11,
 line 13] David Macpherson, Esq; who lately, from the mere
force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

“ Here lies *David Garrick*,” page 12, line 5] David
 Garrick, Esq; joint Patentee and acting Manager of the
 Theatre-Royal, Drury-lane. For the *other parts* of his
 character, *vide* the Poem.

“ Here *Hickey* reclines,” page 14, line 9] A gentleman
 whose hospitality and good-humour have acquired him, in
 this Club, the title of ‘honest Tom Hickey.’ His profes-
 sion, the Doctor tells us, is that of an attorney, but whe-
 ther he meant the words an echo to the sense or not, he
 has told us so in, perhaps, the only indifferent couplet of the
 whole Poem. To soften this censure, however, in some re-
 spect, the English Reader is to be told, that the phrase of
 “burn ye,” in the 5th line of the 15th page, tho’ it may
 seem *forced* to rhyme to “attorney,” is a familiar method
 of salutation in Ireland amongst the lower classes of the
 people.

“ He

"He shifted his Trumpet and only took snuff," page the last, line the last] Sir Joshua Reynolds, on whom this observation was made, is so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet mostly in company; he is, at the same time, equally remarkable for using a great quantity of snuff; his manner in both of which, taken in the point of time described, must be allowed, by those who have been witnesses of such a scene, to be as happily given upon *Paper*, as that great Artist himself, perhaps, could exhibit upon *Canvass*.

E R R O R S.

A few copies only have been printed with the following errors, which the reader is requested to correct.

Page 8, line 5, for *be's fit*, read *unfit*.—line 9, for *or in play*, read *or in place*.

Page 10, line 13, for *when* read *where*,

Page 12, line 1, for *Landers* read *Lauders*.

Page 14, line 2, for *beroffiad* read *berofciad*.

Page 15, line 5, for *what was failing*, read *what was his failing*.